Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loſe what they enioy.
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt.
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius, Sc

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, N
Roſſe, Percy, Willoughby
and Greene, priſo

Bul. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhy and *Greene*, I will not vex
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt
VVith two much urging your per
For 'twere no Charity: yet to waſ
From off my hands, here in the vi
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd
You have in manner with your ſin
Made a Divorce betwixt his Que
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a Royall B
And ſtayn'd the beauty of a faire
VVith teares drawne from her ey
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of m
Neere to the King in Blood, and ne
Till you did make him miſ-interp
Have ſtoopt my necke under you
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in f
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhm
VVhile you have fed upon my Se
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd
From mine owne windowes torn
Raz'd out my Impreſe, leaving me
Save mens opinions, and my living
To ſhew the world I am a Gentle
This, and much more, much more th

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.5